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## WAR AND WOMEN.

## THE SOLDIER HUSBAND.

‘Why go to the battle, dearest?’ said the wife to her husband.

‘Because we are oppressed—and I owe my life to my country; and you, my love, would not wish your husband a laggard where honor or duty called him, because danger stood in the way.’

‘No; if we could be certain that either honor or duty called, I would be the last to detain you; though if you were killed, I could look to God alone for support or comfort in my desolation; but remember, when you speak of patriotism, that those opposed to you have the same feelings as you, and were your friends and associates. Must they be wrong?’

But he listened not to her arguments; and taking one long kiss, he laughed at her fears as he galloped to join his comrades. She was a woman, and reasoned from her cowardice.

It was after a skirmish that the soldier walked the battlefield, amidst the dying and the dead; and, as he drove away the birds of prey eagerly hovering over them, and listened to the groans of agony, and the curses of despair of those whose happiness he had daily witnessed, he reflected whether any cause could justify so much misery. He doubted whether those men would risk every thing to sustain a cause plainly wrong, where nothing was to be gained, and so much must be sacrificed; and, remembering that they who had persuaded him to seek the lives of his neighbors, risked nothing by their patriotism, and shunning the danger they persuaded others to encounter, seemed avaricious of any thing but the glory they extolled, he saw that a few mean politicians were the country he was serving, and that he had been persuaded to avenge an imaginary wrong by a real injury. And he felt that patriotism might be a crime. Then his fond young wife, anxious and alone, mourning his absence, and constantly trembling at the perils he encountered, came over his mind. He realized her miserable uncertainty; and, shuddering at her desolation if he should be slain, he wept. But the trumpet sounded; discipline drove all softer feelings from his heart, and he rushed foremost in the battle’s charge—a reckless instrument of destruction. Gallantly he dashed on, if that can be called gal-

lant where all thought is driven from the mind, and the man sees nought but the foe before him ; his white plume could be seen tossing above the smoke, far in advance of his men ; the square he was charging fired ; his horse fell, and his comrades trampled over him on their way to victory. His body was thrown into a pit with some hundred others ; and his name was omitted in the despatch which told the story of the battle in which he fell.

And thus ends the life of a soldier !

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#### THE MAID OF MOSCOW :

##### OR WAR FATAL TO THE HAPPINESS OF WOMEN.

Moscow was in ruins ; and the French soldiers while eagerly searching every part of a ruined church, perceived a lamp at the end of a dark gallery, glimmering on a small altar. They immediately proceeded towards it, and found there a young female elegantly dressed, and kneeling in the attitude of devotion. At the noise of the soldiers the unhappy girl screamed violently, and fell into a swoon. In this condition she was carried before a French general. Her countenance, in which grief and despair were equally blended, was irresistibly interesting. As her recollection returned, she seemed to deprecate the care that had been taken in recalling her to life. The general begged her to relate her misfortunes.

‘Of what use,’ said she, ‘would it be to mention to you the woes of a house that will be soon annihilated. Suffice it, that the name of my father is celebrated in the history of your empire, and that he is now serving with distinction in the army which is gloriously fighting in defence of our country.

‘My name is Paulowna. On the day preceding your entrance into Moscow, I was to have been united to one of the young warriors who had distinguished himself at the battle of Majaisk. But in the midst of our nuptial solemnities, my father was informed that the French were at the gates of the city ! and, suspending our marriage, and taking my husband with him, they hastened to join the army. Our anxieties grew apace. The next morning, as I sat with our afflicted family, we heard the roar of cannon. The noise evidently came nearer ; and we no longer doubted that we must quit Moscow. We instantly fled ; but when we arrived near the Kremlin, an